BATT upon BATT.

A

POEM

UPON

The Parts, Patience, and Pains,

OF

Barth. Kempster,

CLERK, POET, CUTHER,

Of *Holy-Rood*-Parish in *Southampton*.

By a Person of Quality.

To which is annexed the VISION,

Wherein is described *Batt's* Person and Ingenuity;

With an Account of the Antient and Present State and Glory of *Southampton*.

By the same AUTHOR.

Dedicated to the Gentry of *Hampshire*, for their Diversion:

But more especially to the Inhabitants of *Southampton*.

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THE PRINTER TO THE General Reader, GREETING,

But more especially the CLERKS of Parish-Churches throughout the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*.

FOR your better understanding the Occasion of the Author's writing this ensuing POEM, I must tell you, That Rhyming BATT (like the Bell-man of this Town at Christmas) made some Heroick Stanza's upon the Author; who, in Requital and Gratitude, composed these following VERSES.

TO A.

Bartholomew Kempster

Batt upon Batt.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the laud and praise of *Bartholemew Kempster*, Clerk, Poet, Cutler, of *Holy-Roods* in *Southampton*.

HAD I! O had I! *Batt*, thy face and throat,
Could I betune the Flock with such sweet note,
Could I with equal Metre *Hopkins* fit,
Out-*Sternhold*, *Sternhold*, Wisdom eke outwit;
Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
And rob Church-Pews to crown thy Head with Bays.
Or had I for thy sake the Triple-sconce
Of *Cerberus*, to bark three ways at once,
Clerk, Poet, Cutler, Baw, waw, waw, besides
That Cardinal Vertue, for on Mules it rides,
Patience I mean, in which thou dost excel,
As all thy Neighbours and thy Wife can tell;
Three Trumps then would I sound to thy Renown,
And from thy Fame immortalize my own.
Ingenious *Batt*! by Trade and Nature fit
To set an Edge both on our Knives and Wit.
Vulcan, they say, made mighty Arms for *Mars*,
(Cuckolds are kind) but he ne'r made a Verse.
Apollo he made Verses, but in's life
I never heard that er'e he made a Knife.
Now *Batt* does all that both these Gods could do;
Hammers out Verses, and hard Iron too.
To sheath strong sense in Metaphorick words,
Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.
He is a two-fac'd Pump, whose Spouts do run
Smith's water one way, t'other, Helicon.

Have you not seen the thing our Butler uses,
With cabin'd belly, things call'd double Cruises?
The right side Vinegar, the left holds Oyl;
The Emblem's *that* of Wit, and *this* of Toyl.
Such is the Skull of *Batt*, in which the Brains
Are parted into Poetry and Pains.
He writes and works so equally, you'd think
One Cheek were black'd with Smoak, t'other with Ink.
Thrice-happy temper! for what makes our life
More pleasant than a good Wit and good Knife?
Without their help, who can good *Christmas* keep?
Our Teeth would water, and our Eyes would weep:
Hunger and Dulness would invade our Feasts,
Did not *Batt* find us Arms against such Guests.
He is the cunning Engineer, whose Skill
Makes Tools to carve the Goose, and shape the Quill:
Fancy and Wit unto our Meals supplies;
Carols, and not mince'd meat, make *Christmas*-pies.
'Tis Mirth, not Dishes, sets a Table off;
Brutes and Phanaticks eat and never laugh.
What man of Teeth then can be so ingrate,
To slice Roast-beef, and not remember *Batt*?
When Brawn with powdred Wig comes swaggering in,
And mighty Serjeant ushers in the Chine,
What ought a wise man first to think upon?
Have I my Tools? if not, I am undone:
For 'tis a Law concerns both Saint and Sinner,
That he that hath no Knife, must have no Dinner.
So he falls on; Pig, Goose, and Capon feel
The goodness of his Stomach, and *Batt*'s Steel.
In such fierce Frays, alas, there no Remorse is;
All Flesh is Grass, which makes men eat like Horses:
But when the Battle's done, off goes the Hat,
And each man sheaths, with God-a-mercy *Batt*.
So when the Mistris cannot hit the Joynt,
Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult point,
Think on a Cuckold, straight the Gossips cry:
But think on *Batt*'s good Carving-knife, say I;

That

That ſtill nicks ſure, without offence and ſcandal:
Dull Blades may be beholding to their Handle;
But thoſe *Batt* makes are all ſo ſharp, they ſcorn
To be ſo charmed by his Neighbour's Horn.
When I the Edges of his Ware have ſeen,
(Seen they could not be, they were all ſo keen)
When I have found their Temper all ſo good,
From the long Rapier to the Oyſter-ſpud;
Happy, thrice happy 'tis, I us'd to ſay,
For all mankind, who wiſh for length of day,
That *Batt* no Cutler is unto the Fates;
His Sheers would cut our Threads off at ſtrange rates:
Snip,——'tis no more; there's work for *Batt*, and die
We muſt, to find him Cakes and Elegy.
O mortal men! is Eating all you do
At Chriſt-tide? or the making Sing-ſongs? No:
Our *Batt* can dance, play at high Jinks with Dice,
At any primitive Orthodoxal Vice.
Shooing the wild Mare, tumbling the young Wenches,
Drinking all Night, and Sleeping on the Benches.
I'll ſay that for him, were he to be hang'd,
He is as true a Blade as ever twang'd.
Shew me a man can ſhuffle fair and cut,
Yet always have three Trays in hand at Putt:
Shew me a man can turn up Noddy ſtill,
And deal himſelf three Fives too when he will:
Concludes with One and thirty, and a Pair;
Never fails Ten in Stock, and yet plays fair.
If *Batt* be not that Wight, I looſe my aim;
If any elſe pretend unto the ſame,
And ſay we dare not match him for a Pot,
They lye——provided *Batt*'s Wife knew it not.
Heark, the Bells toll at *Holy-Roods*; away
To Church, this is *Batt*'s Exerciſing-day.
He's ſally'd out from ſign of Pole and Baſon,
With Clergy-Cloak, clean Band, and Sunday-face on.
Some commend Eunuchs chanting in the Quire,
But how they ſhould learn Prick-ſong, I admire.

Some

Some praiſe their Skill who in white Surplice ſing,
Fa, la, ſa, ſol, Anthems, or ſome ſuch thing:
But let them not our ſmutty Clerk deſpiſe;
Blackbirds ſtill whiſtle better than Magpies.
Their charming Trills and Thrombo's muſt give place
To the melodious Conſort of *Batt*'s face;
Where Eyes and Noſe, Mouth, Beard, and Chin agree
In each ſweet Note: A Quire themſelves they be;
And better Muſick it moſt times appears,
To ſee his Strains, than hear the beſt of theirs.
Then at the Godly Twang, the two laſt Sta-aves,
Without which, Service is but done by halves:
Compar'd to him, what are they? ſuch a thing
As is his Bell rope to a Fiddle-ſtring;
No more like him for Goggle, Snuff, and Groan,
Than blind Bart is to *Batt* with four Eyes on.
Search the Cathedrals, Colledges, and Halls,
All Churches, Chappels, Meeting-houſes, Stalls;
Summon all men of edifying Voice,
From Deans and Chapters, to the Singing-boys,
Chaplain, and Vicar, Lecturers to boot:
Nay, that our Challenge may be brave and ſtout,
Take in th'Apprentice, by Indenture bound,
On every Sabbath-day the ſeven years round,
To ſpell his Maſter faſt aſleep, and then
Hem——till he wakes, and gaping, cries——Amen.
If any (bar miſtakes) with greater pace
Can read the Chapters, let 'um take *Batt*'s place.
Well then, put on thy Eyes, and look about thee;
Do what we can, we can do nought without thee:
Let's woo and wo o, and gain good will, What then?
It comes to nothing, till thou ſay Amen.
No Woman can be Church'd, till *Batt* appear;
A Chriſtening is no Chriſtening, 'leſs he's there.
Without his help, *Moll*, *Betty*, *Tom*, and *Will*,
Sweet Babes, God knows, had all been Cakebread ſtill.
If any well-diſpoſed perſon is ſick,
Batt's ſent to; Collects cheaper are than Phyſick:

To

To ſay the truth on't, *Batt*, no man can be
With credit hang'd, without thy faculcie:
For who without a Pſalm doth take a ſwing,
Dies like a Dog; hang him, he would not ſing:
But who turns off in time, 's a proper man,
And, *Batt*, thy Knife may cut him down agen.
Nay, were I to be buried for my life,
And all the learned Pariſh-Clerks at ſtrife
Who ſhould the Shovel ſhake, *Batt* ſhould be he,
Or elſe be buried who would for me.
He can go through the work, and cloſe my Grave
Not with Duſt onely, but an Epitaph.
Then, in a word, he is the nobleſt Blade
That ever grac'd the Wheel and Whetſtone Trade;
The Organ of our Church, the greateſt Lay-man
That ever ſolemnly ſqueez'd out A--Amen.
He is the Wit, the Mirth, Religion,
The very Life and Death of the whole Town.
He is——Hold, Muſe! *Batt's Bat*, and ſo will be;
Should I ſay more, 'twould be Battologie.

The VISION.

HOld, hold my head! *O Jove*, thou knew'ſt my pain,
When *Vulcan* was Man-Midwife to thy Brain,
As *Batt* the better workman is to mine;
Batt! thou that mak'ſt all the whole Pariſh whine,
Come, tune my Fancy, as thou doſt the Pſalms
And with thy Bellows raiſe Poetick Flames.
No Inkhorn will I dip in but thy mouth,
Where Wool, black Wool, fit for ſad purpoſe grow'th:
But leſt the doleful Theme ſhould make it dry,
We'll ſet, that's Mourning too, a black Pot by.
Bright *Sol*, with Perriwig of curled Carrot,
And a Face lacca'd o'e like his Chariot,
The cheerful Author of all Wit and Light,
But what the Bell-man ſtalks with in the Night,

Had

Had drove the Stage-Coach to the place of rest,
Dreſt all his Horſes, and himſelf undreſt,
With Nights black Stockin had becapt his head,
And ſoftly crept to Madam *Thetis* bed:
Where what he did, I think I need not name;
We Mortals, by his influence, do the ſame.
'Twas then, juſt then, ſoft ſlumber ſeiz'd mine Eye,
I wink'd, and winking Men moſt Viſions ſpie;
When to my Fancy (what can't Fancy do?)
Appear'd a Satyr ſad, and full of woe: *Butt's Poſture diſcribed.*
Bald was his Crown, but briſtly was his Beard;
I ſaw no Horns, but he was over-ear'd.
Grief had ſo ſunk his Eyes, that through each hole
Methought I could look quite through to his Pole.
In his Dark-lanthorn-face, Noſe ſtood for handle,
And a white Tooth ſuppli'd the inch of Candle.
A Cloak upon one ſhoulder hung as thin,
But not ſo black as was the Weavers skin:
To which compar'd, Charcoal and Jet ſeem wan;——
'Twould make deep Mourning for an *African*.
A piece of dirty ſtretching Leather fac'd
His breaſt; an Apron, or his Conſcience was't?
He drivell'd Ink, from Noſtrils Tar diſtill'd,
Piſs'd Coffee, and with Pitch his hoſe full-fill'd.
No Fumes from ſooty Hypocondria ſent,
Could a more diſmal Viſion repreſent.
At firſt approach, in ſweat and fear I laid,
And ſoftly *Fee faa Fumm* thrice over ſaid.
Enchanted ſo, Devil, what art I cri'd:
Your very humble Servant, he repli'd.
I am the God of Wit in Maſquerade,
The grand Improver of the Rhyming Trade;
Mechanick Fancy, a true Greſhamite,
One that can ſing, file, hammer, and indite.
Or if you would in Modern Language know it,
I am a Philo-pyro-technical Poet.
Surceaſe to wonder, roaking Mortal, that here
I do appear in Elegiack Tatter.

Grief,

Grief, grief 'tis brings me unto thee to waite,
Both as chief Mourner for *Batt's* dearest Mate,
And to complain of this ungrateful Town,
Which lets a Matron of so good Renown,
An Alder-woman of the sacred hill,
Die, without Tribute from each Goose's quill:
One, at whose Grave all Muses ought to meet,
Like Swans, with paper-breasts and inky feet,
And with sweet Ballad crown her godly life,
The common right of every Poets Wife.

Hampton, O *Hampton*, in the days of yore,
The lawful Pride of all the Southern shore,
With all advantages of Nature grac'd,
Betwixt the Arms of fair *Antona* plac'd;
Guarded by Forrests both on Land and Sea,
From Storms, and Man, the ruder Enemy,
By *Neptune* and his Argonauts caress'd
And all that e're were in Tarpolin dress'd.
Admir'd for Beauty, but for Riches more;
For nothing can be handsome that is poor.
Fertile in men of Valour and loud Fame,
In Knights and Giants, as thy Gates proclaim,
And gentle Poets, without whom those Wights
Had got but little honour by their Fights.
Upon thy Banks fam'd *Sternhold* did compose *Sternhold born in Hampton.*
Those two last Staves which *Batt* so oft doth nose.
Batt to thy Altars too sweet Metre brings,
And makes as learned Anthems as he sings.
Here once each Tradesman could both work and write;
As Coblers whistle at it, they'd indite.
Invention was so pregnant, that oft-times
Men would talk Poetry, that could not Rhymes.
Poems were pasted up in every Hall *Formerly every house had several sacred Rhymes in it.*
As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the wall
Here you might view *Haman* in all his pride,
Us'd like a Rogue, hang'd, and then Dittified.

Or the two Elders, Poets in their time,
Tempting *Susanna* in Battoick Rhyme.
Each Kitching, Parlor, Chamber, were all dreſt here
With *Sampſon*, *Joſeph*, *Daniel*, or Queen *Heſter*.
No Room was thought well furniſht for Converſe,
Till hung with Buckram paint and Buckram-verſe.
Nay, I have ſeen a Ballad full of wit,
Tore down to ſinge a Gooſe upon the ſpit.
Bleſs'd Town! where did the Gods e're grant before,
That men might all be Poets, and not poor?
A happineſs ne'r in *Parnaſſus* known,
Nor couldſt thou, *Hampton*, call it long thy own:
For Age, who like a Blood-hound, Glory traces,
And deſtroys Towns as well as handſome Faces,
Hath made thee poor and dull like other places.
Imp'd with ſwift wings, thy Beauty's fled away,
The very ruines of thy pride decay.
Thy Gates are mouldred, the Portcullis ſhew'th,
Like rotten teeth in an old womans mouth.
Walls, Forts and Towers into their Trenches ſlide;
The Caſtle looks like a Noſe Frenchifi'd;
As though in vain the Monſieur heretofore
Had made thee ſhift thy Lodging for a Cure. *The Town burnt twice by the French.*
Whither are all thy whinged Lovers flown,
The mighty Carracks and great Gallion,
With all that numerous train which did reſort
In Marine Coaches to thy crowded Port?
They ceaſe their Courtſhip now, and onely own
Thou haſt been once a rich and handſome Town:
But Time hath put a period to thoſe days:
Farewel; when Miſs grows old, the Gallant ſtrays.
Nor art thou Bankrupt grown onely in Trade,
But oh, thy very Wits too are decay'd.
Whither are now the race of Chimers gone,
Thy Quibble-Squires, and Knights of *Helicon*?
All the Wit-Jobbers are quite broke, they ſay,
Here's ſcarce one left that can at Crambo play.
Nothing of Wit or Poetry remaines,
But thread-bare Coats, no Money, and crack'd Brains. Oh,

Oh, Heavens, how ſtrange theſe alterations are
Shall we want Ballads in a Country-Fair?
The merry Fidlers long ſince left the Town,
And now of late the Gallows is broke down;
Which by the antient Charter ſtill did uſe
To furniſh matter for the Tragick Muſe.
No wonder then if Poetry decay,
When ſuch Encouragements are ta'n away.

There was formerly Muſick for the Mayor and Town.

There was a time when not a Dog could die
Within theſe Walls, without an Elegie.
A Dog of Note, I mean, not every Dog
Bred up to tug the naſty tail of Hog;
But ſuch as *Quand*, who liv'd in gentle faſhion,
And di'd as Gentiles do, of Recreation.

Batt made an Elegie upon Capt. Narbon's Dog Quand.

The Dog died of a Clap.

But at *Meggs* Grave they now all ſilence keep,
As though they fear'd to wake her from her ſleep:
Not all the Market will afford a Verſe
To pin upon a Siſter-poets Herſe.
Poet by Marriage, ſo ſhe claims that honour,
As Madam hers, by a Knight's lying on her.
Nay, *Batt* himſelf ſtands mute, as dull and dead
As Friar *Bacon's* thrice-neglected head
That ſon of Fancy, got in Raptures, he
Whoſe life and living is all Poetrie,
Who ſuck'd *Proſodia* from his Mothers Teat,
Till like a Caterpiller he was all Feet:
A walking Ode, a Hymn of Ekes and Ayes,
whoſe Pulſe is but the ſcanning of his days;
He who ne'r ſpeaks nor thinks, but in true time;
Farts Epigrams, and ſnores 'um to in Rhyme;
He, he ſtands diſinſpir'd, and ſome ſuppoſe,
Intends to take his leave of her in Proſe.

Batt made an Elegy upon his Wife.

A tame wild beaſt of late, knowing he muſt,
When he grew fat, be damn'd to Paſty-cruſt,
Choſe a more noble fate, and licking in
Poyſon, prevented the Cooks Rowling-pin.
Heroick Act! which noble *Batt* did ſcorn
(Hoping to be rewarded with a Horn).

Batt made an Elegie upon Capt. Narbon's Buck.

Should

Should unbewail'd in Rhyme Heroick go?
And could not his own Dear oblige him so?
Muſt *Mugg*, the Wife of *Batt*, aged Eightie,
Deceas'd *November* thirteenth, Seventy three,
Be caſt, like common Duſt into the Pit,
Without one line of Monumental wit?
One Death's-head Diſtich, or Mortality-ſtaff,
With ſenſe enough for Church-yard Epitaph?
No ſtirrup-Verſe at grave before ſhe go?
Batt does not uſe to part at Tavern ſo.
Grief here prevailing, ſtruck the Satyr dumb,
Who twiſting hard his dropping Noſe with Thumb,
Like one that turns a Conduit-cock about,
To let the water guſh more freely out;
Methought I wept too then, and ſighing ſaid,
Courage, kinde Goblins, though the Times are bad,
And Wit's as ſcarce as Money, yet no doubt
Fame will provoke ſome worthy Poet out,
Who from her Story will renown his Pen.
He kindly bow'd, and ſmiling ſaid *Amen*.
At which I woke, as men at Sermons uſe,
And heard *Batt's* knocking at the door for Dues.

Batt collects the Parſons Dues.

F I N I S.